Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle vessels side
vvould scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a-word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sola. Why then you are in loue.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspect,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenso*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenso*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.
Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.
Bass. Good signiors both when shal we laugh? say, when
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously changd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be dresst in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise